-----

EARLINGTON, HOPKINS COUNTY, KENTUCKY, THURSDAY, JUNE 8, 1893.

MEMORY'S F. CL

Tery had not met for forty years.

They had not met for farty years,

"We have not met for forty years," They said; "Is it you and I, If we cannot trace in the olden face

And the hatfuls we used to shake.

change, And the hair grow white and thin,

You remember-" "Oh, yes, it is you,

It is you, and there's no mistake."
"Ah! the lip, and the cheek and the eye

But the forty years cannot make us strange, We are ourselves within "

"Yes, the eye of the soul can keep its light. And the voice of the heart can sing The same old soug, as sweet and strong As in youth." Then let us bring

Our store from the childish, changeless past

GOOD

lose." The speaker was Mr. Bodkin, a

stout, elderly gentleman who carried on

the business of a butter merchant in a

small country town in the south of Ire-

land. The person to whom he addressed himself was a young constable

"Let us go over the matter again briefly," said the policeman. "I will

read you my notes to save time. State-

ment of William Bolkin: 'Last evening,

Friday, about six o'clock I handed to

my buyer, Andrew Hartigan, two hundred and sixty pounds in bank notes of

various denominations to enable the

eight o'clock this morning Hartigar

called at my private residence and in-formed me that he had lost the money.

He confessed that he had on the previ-

his possession broken a total absti-

nence pledge of five years' standing.

He stated he had a vague recollection

of meeting on his way at night-probably between ten and eleven o'clock-

two strange men, who accosted him

and jostled him. He remembered noth-

ing further until he awoke at five

o'clock this morning and discovered

the case," said Mr. Bodkin, as Consta-

ble O'Ruark ceased to read from his

"How long is Hartigan in your em-

Perfectly. Now what do you think

s the best thing to be done? I own I

"The first thing, I should say, is to

"Unfortunately that is impossible,

bulk of them are notes of all sorts which I received here from time to time

during the week. I can only trace sev-

enty pounds' worth of them, and these

are seven ten-pound notes that I drew

from my bank yesterday. I have been

to the bank about these, but it isn't

likely the thieves will attempt to cash them in the neighborhood. It is, as I

have already said, a most serious mat-

ter for me. I know I have the name of

money but-of course, I am speaking in the strictest confidence--it so hap-

pens I am quite in a tight corner now,

and if I can't trace the stolen money by

Monday I'll be in a deuce of an ugly

"Have you any suspicion of Harti-

"Not the slightest. The unfortunate

man is as much upset about the matter as myself. He has had the handling of

thousands of mine during the past half

dozen years. During the fifteen or six-

teen years he has been in my employ-

ment he has never been a penny piece

"Not an over grand one, but I have

been promising him a rise for some

time. I pay him thirty shillings a week

standing salary, and he can make

another ten shillings on commission in

"I should like to have a private in-

astray. He's as honest as the sun.

"What salary has he?"

a busy week.

gan?" the policeman not unnaturally

explained the butter merchant.

ployment?" inquired O'Ruark.

"Fifteen or sixteen years."

'Quite trustworthy?'

note book.

"That is a very correct statement of

on evening while the money v

of police named O'Rnark.

Comuna Downer.

for me, I as-

sureyou. Two

hundred and

is a great deal

can afford to

A bit of the long goneby?"

That the childhood playmate were; The golden hair was streaked with gray.

The troubing lightra set.
The eye was dult, the form grown full;
"How changed," they said, "and yet-"

The check was brown and thin and cld
That used to be so sweet.
And the did not know in the step so slow
The tread of the beginn feet.

And the answer came: "You remember the

When the stovepipe tembled down, When we played hi'spy, when you and 1 Rolled hoop through the midst of the town;

"You remember the orchard with summer

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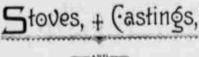
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And they looked each other o'er,

There was nearedly a trace of the merry face

Thursday night.

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Till memory's face shall flame
With the roddy glow of the long ago,
For our souls are just the same.

—Julia II. May, in Detroit Free Press. M. E. CHURCH, SOUTH. Preaching every first and fourth Lord's day, merning and evening, by T. C. Peters. Prayer-menting Thursday evening. Sunday-school every Sunday morning it 9,000 o'clock.

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ency General - W. J. Hendrick. cr-H. S. Hale. tendent of Public Instruction-Ed. Per-

that the bank notes were gone." t Thompson.

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County. am fairly at a loss to make any suggestion. stop the payment of the stolen notes."

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terview with him before I commence 'Certainly. He is at the back of the Earlington, · Ky. store now, expecting to be called. I'll send him in to you at once."

Constable O'Ruark knew Andrew Gibson's Band! " ORCHESTRA :

> over again the story he had told to his From the beginning Constable O'Ruark distrusted the man, and doubted his round, unvarnished tale. NEW MUSIC!

with craftiness. performers in the country are pre-"Your own opinion is then that you Hartigan. pared to furnish music were robbed on the way home from Dempsey's public-house last night?" the house must be examined carefully said the policeman, gazing at the but-For Parades, Concerts, Funerals, Weddings, Receptions, Balls, "Of course. What else can I think?"

"You had the notes in Dempsey's?"
"I had. I'm certain on that point." "And you have no recollection of the faces or the build of those two strange men, nor the exact spot where you met

far gone in liquor, I'm sorry to say."
"You did not miss the notes until this

"I did not. How could I?" "You're sure they couldn't have dropped out of your pocket after you got home? I think you said you searched for them?" "Indeed, I did, constable. I searched

house myself; for, of course, I can't hearth. take your word for everything, Harti-"I don't expect you to. 'Tis a black business for me. I'm driven crazy to think what I can do to replace the

money. But what can a poor man do?" e added, with a sigh. "The best thing is to find the notes." "Of course; and I'll bless you, Constable O'Ruark, if you can track the villains who stole them."

I try to get on the track of the thieves." 'Aren't we losing time on that score alrendy?"

"We can't do everything all at once, night's spree your search wasn't as full credit of having so quickly, in the keen or as thorough as it might have "Ah! I was sad and sober enough this

morning, heaven knows. There isn't an inch of the house I didn't search." "Come, let us be moving!" ashering the distressed butter-buyer out of the office and leaving word with Mr. Bodkin where they were bound for. The pair walked in dead silence to wards Hartigan's bouse, passing the police barracks on the way. O'Ruark opped at the barracks, and, going in-

side, left some instructions with an elderly constable, Murphy by name, who was in charge of the barracks. Then he rejoined Hartigan and accompanied him to his place of abode-a small cottage in a poor locality. A very poor looking place for a man with two pounds sixty pounds a week in Carrigmore, it seemed to Constable O'Ruark. The front door opened into a room

duty for hall, kitchen and parlor. A integrity of his employe, detected a common deal table stood in the center of the floor; there were three plain, wooden chairs, a three-legged stool, a dresser, fairly furnished with crockery ware, and underneath the dresser and attached to it a small modern cupboard, on the top of which stood a few right he would score a triumph. knives and forks, spoons and glasses.

The sharp eyes of the policeman took in the whole visible contents of the room at a single glance; and then ly as he said the words and snatched he stood for a few, moments gazing at an elderly woman, who was sitting on the three-legged stool, blowing with a sharp-looking knife off the edge of the of slack balls-a mixture of coal dust into it to allow it to work properly." purchased on my account this morning, of slack balls—a mixture of coal dust into it to allow it to work properly."

Saturday, in the local market. About and mud—which burned feebly on the The old woman rose, terror plainly arge, open hearth.

likely, the policeman felt, that so crafty a man as he judged Hartigan to be exhaustive search of the room, a search bellows-blowing operations of the old woman at the fire. As she rose and stepped back from the fireplace, bellows in hand, Hartigan, who had been furtively surveying her from time to

"This is my mother, Constable O'Ruark. She is stone-deaf, but she understands my signs as easily as if she had the best hearing in Carrig-

"Unfortunately," said the policeman, 'your mother will have to be searched, and, of course, yourself. I left word with Constable Murphy, and he will be here presently with his wife, who will



HE STOPPED SUDDENLY do what the law requires about your mother. It is only a matter of form." "Search us!" exclaimed Hartigan, with more indignation in his voice than "That's hard lines, surely!" "It's all in your own favor. Nothing must be left undone to clear you of sus

picton. "And who suspects me?" "I don't know; but people will be sure to talk. Here come Constable Murphy and his wife. No one will know of the search if you don't speak

"I suppose it's all for the best," groaned Hartigan, with an air of resignation, "but it's terribly hard on de-

cent people."
Constable Murphy and his wife now entered the room, and Hartigan conveyed to his no ther that the should retire behind with Mrs. Murphy to the room where the old woman sient. Men. Hartigan by sight, and had no very lartigan seemed to take in the situa-lofty opinion of him. The butter buyer tion readily. She flashed a look of Hartigan seemed to take in the situawas a borly, dark-haired, sour-visaged, anger at them all out of her faded blue sour-tongued man about forty years of eyes, and then handed the bellows to age. He was soon face to face with the her son, who sighed in a heart-broken age. He was said lackin's private of way as he laid the bellows flat on the fice; and in a quiet, but greatly dis- hearth and kicked the three-legged tressed and penitent manner, he told stool out of his way into a corner.

The two policemen new searched Hartigan and found he had nothing concealed, and when the unpleasa. operation was over, the deaf mother re turned to the kitchen followed by Mrs Hartigan had a peculiar type of cold, Murphy, who declared she had been blue eye, which O'Ruarit invariably, equally unsuccessful in discovering the and sometimes incorrectly, associated stolen notes. "I hope ye're satisfied now," said

> Constable Murphy go through the rest i suppose there are of the premises. other rooms besides the one your mother occupies?" "One other room and an attie," said Hartigan.

"Not just yet," said O'Reark.

"Well, the sooner it's done the bet-"Thave not, constable. I was very thieves. Mrs. Murphy will remain bere ter. Then we'll start in search of the with me,"

Hartigan and Constable Murphy now disappeared from the kitchen. O'Roark had leisure to work out a little mental problem which was beginning to tantalize him.

Mrs. Murphy sented herself on one of the deal chairs, and deaf Mrs. Hartigan proceeded to the hearth silently, drew the house from top to bottom. I spent the three-legged stool from the corner two hours this morning turning the place topsy-turvy—but the notes are up the bellows and resumed her at-"I must also have a search in your dingy slack balls which decorated the

There was no sound in the little room except the consumptive squeaking of the bellows. O'Ruark atood near the hearth gazing down at the fire as if nothing was disturbing or perplexing him. Yet he was almost trembling. with excitement. He felt nearly certain that the missing bank notes were within his reach. If his suspicions

proved to be unfounded he would, be felt, no longer be fit for de-"Well, come along now, and we'll tective work. He had already "given have another hunt in your house before himself away" by declaring in the barracks to his fellow constables-when he had halted there on the way to Hartigan's cottage-that the notes would be found in the butter-buyer's house. It you know. Perhaps in the condition was perhaps a rash statement to pin you were in this morning after last himself to, but he wanted to have the



"PUT THE DARRIES ON HIM. with a lime-ash floor, a room which did face of Mr. Bodkin's opinion as to the crafty thief in Andrew Hartigan. If he was wrong the laugh would be against himself, and he would earn the enmity as well as the contempt of all who might chance to bear later on of his early suspicions. But if he was "That's a miserable old wheezy bel-

the bellows from the deaf old woman's hands. "See," he went on, taking a said Hartigan to pay for butter to be pair of dilapidated bellows a fire made dresser, "it wants a little more air let written in her wrinkled face. Then she swiftly set to work and cut open the

"I thought there was something indeed. which included an examination of the flue of the chimney and disturbed the chine," he observed, addressing himself to the wife of his fellow constable. "Now come here and attend to the unfortunate old lady."

As Mrs. Murphy moved towards the stable Murphy appeared in the open "Quick!" cried O'Ruark, as Hartigan

made a swift spring. 'Put the darbies half century has been very little to on him. He means mischief." speak of. The butter-buyer was immediately seized from behind in the strong emintentions were when he beheld the unearthing of his treasure the wily O'Ruark neither knew nor cared. He flattered himself he had performed a very good Saturday morning's work-

made a very good guess. Why Trees Are Musculine Gender. Tom, who had been forbidden to climb trees in his new trousers, had China silk in dark colors and also in disobeyed, and was receiving a leeture from his father for injuring his buff, and deeper yellow shades, old clothing.

Fearing that a flogging was to fol-

"Pa," he exclaimed, "my teacher says some plants are masculine gender and same feminine. Now, I know which for them. The work is placed upon the trees are, do you?" The father's curiosity was excited, ne was fairly trapped. "No," he said, "I waist and is knotted at the left side, ertainly do not; which are they?"

he escaped. -Troy Times. -Extract from a bride's letter of thanks: "Your beautiful clock was received, and is now in the drawing-room on our mantelpiece, where we hope to

sec you often." It Was Cheaper. "Why do you walk instead of riding your bicycle?" "Because," replied Mr. Shineon,

plaster."-Buffalo Express. When She Sits on His Lap. Helen Hyler-Don't you think it is very bad form for a man who is calling on a young lady to sit down before

some circumstances he has to. -Puck Father-I'm afraid you want to marry my girl for her money.

The Good-Hearted Fellow - Your daughter loves me, and I can't see her suffer simply because she's rich.

Brooklyn Life.

Ah, how I wish I had lived in the knightly days of old. Miss Youngthing (growing weary)-Didn't you?-N. Y. Weekly. Genuine Misery. McFaddell says nothing makes him feel so blue as to go home in the morn-

when both himself and the moon

Uncertain Age.

Mr. Oldbeau (growing romantic)-

are down to their last quarter.-Judge There Are Exceptions. "Everything comes to him who waits," muttered the waiter, looking pensively at the departing guest, "ex cept tips."-Chicago Tribune Wanted It.

"Every man has his price."
"I haven't got mine."—Truth

LIFE IN THE COUNTRY.

Some of the Advantages of a Home Upen the Farm. It is an open question whether the ime has not come to throw, as it were, Realm of the Habsburgs" the nobles of a halo of sentiment about the life of Austria, was some exceptions, of the farm, and to cause this halo to per- course, are very little given to intelmeate all departments of farm life, and lectual pursuits. Count Ic ..., a wellso to rob the occupation of much that known member of the Herren-haus, now seems to make it distasteful.

To be sure, farm work is hard work; but that it is harder work than truck- pal one in Vienna. Cabby looked puzing or bricklaying, carpenter work or zled, and frankly confessed that he did a thousand and one trades of the city, not know the shop in question. it would be difficult to prove. The hours are longer, but they are spent out of doors, in the healthful, clear, bracing fresh air, and health and peace of mind are likely to come with them. Once his day's work is done, the towndweller has his club-room, head- I am only in the habit of carrying gen-

quarters, saloon or some other favorite lounging place, where he can discuss topics with his fellows. That this discussion is any benefit to him there is grave reason to question. It makes him dissatisfied, uneasy and rebellious; but all the same, he has it, and

that too, because he wants it, The farm-dweller lacks this source of amusement; but he can, in most ocalities, go to the corner grocery and earn what is going on in the world, and it is safe to say that he gets a far more reasonable and healthy idea of current events than the man in the returned out of breath.

As the country becomes more thickly settled and land is cut up into smaller sections, it would be the easiest thing imaginable to have a general place of meeting in every community. A reading room, with the agricultural books, papers and general literature of the siness, a weekly lecture on all the newest Ideas belonging to the occupations of the farm and an evening or so a week for purely social pleasure and amusement would do much toward making farming communities desirable places of residence.

There are many who contend that farm-hours are too long. On this sub-ject it may be said that men who fol-low it live longer and have better health than in almost any other profession. And it is but just to say that the pleasures of driving, riding, the garden, flowers and fruit are too highly appreciated by many persons to be Of the last thirteen pastors we have willingly surrendered, even though they involve a good deal of hard work and no end of eare.-N. Y. Ledger.

TABLE REFORM NEEDED.

That Useful Article Now Declared to Be the Embodiment of Discomfort.
There are few more uncomfortable and unwieldy things than the ordinary extension dining table. The rack to hold the leaves is a unisance, the cheeky, you see, to ask your approval the entire article is likely to grow

shaky and unmanageable. It is suggested that the leaves of the table be arranged somewhat after the fashion of the sliding shutters to stores. They could be wound on a cylinder and Resident-That is a theater and run in like the roll-top desk. A very pleasure resort. little extremely O'Ruark had made up his mind that uttered a piercing cry and threw her-Hartigan had not been robbed, and that self on the floor. With a motion of the which could be in narrow sections or the notes were hidden; but it was not head to Mrs. Murphy Constable O'Rnark bars. If accurately fitted and adjusted there would be no difficulty in manage leather sides of the bellows and shook Ing a table made in this way, and the would select an ordinary hiding-place. It vigorously. To his intense delight a saving of labor and the convenience of the new arrangement would be great the new arrangement would be great at the end of three months you want a

Who has not taxed the arms almost beyond endurance by pulling and tugging to lift the leaves into the average table? Such a device would allow of leaves baying far less weight, and these could be so adjusted that the ugly space prostrate woman Hartigan and Con- at the side of a table when partly extended could be done away with. It is doorway of the room at the back of the quite time that some improvement was made in this article of furniture, for surely progress in this line for the last

By all means give us a dining table with an arrangement on the general brace of Constable Murphy. What his principle of the roll-top cylinder desk. -N. Y. Ledger.

The Independent Blouse and Bodice. Walsts and blouse corsages differing in kind and often in color from the skirts with which they are worn will be very plentiful next season. Handsome ones are made of soft textiles such as surah crepaline, crepe de Chine and delicate tints, especially mauve, straw, rose, pink and clel blue. For evening wear lace is used to trim. For more ow, Tom sought to create a diversion. general uses colored embroidwhich show up well against the light background, are a favorite trimming collar, bretelles, cuffs and belt. Often, however, a ribbon belt confines the the blouse escaping below in a frill or "Masculine," said Tom, " cause they sear boy's trousers," and for that time ceals the top of the skirt, which may be of various materials, according to the temperature or occasion. For cool weather at the various resorts lightcolored cloth skirts will be worn, a pretty Breton cape pinked at the edges making a complete and natty toilet, which, if desired, may be enhanced by a harmoniously contrasting silk lining

in the cape. - N. Y. Post. Genuine Headwork. "Yes," remarked a stranger to the editor, as the two sat down on the ve-"I've figured it out that it costs less randa, sipping lemonade and looking for shoe leather than it did for court ont upon the rolling sea, "yes, head-work is very trying, and the man who makes his living by it needs a vacation now and then." "Yes," said the editor, headwork is very trying; I find it sospecially when the hours are long." How many hours a day do you work?" asked the stranger. "Four," said the editor. "Gracious! I work ten!" "Head-Jack Lever-Certainly; but under work?" "Yes, every bit of it." "Newspaper or general literature?" "Neither, I'm a barber." Then the editor—for editors are not all wise shut himself up as close as the sun umbrella which carried. - Buffalo Quips.

The Old Story. "Your eyes are awfully red, Jennie?"
"Yes; I was up most of the night." What doing? "I had let the diary I started on New Year's full behind, and I was writing it

up to date."-N. Y. Press.

Young Pounda

It Was Her First Attempt. Mr. Newed-There is one virtue about these biscuits, my dear. Mrs. Newed (blushing with pleasure) What is it, dearest? Mr. Newed (brutally)-If they were worth their weight in gold, we

be everlastingly rich. -Truth. A Republican Party. "I'm going to have a party on my birthday," said Mollie. "What kind?" asked Jennie

"Oh, I don't know. Republican, I That's what papa is."-Harper's

### FUN BY THE COLUMN.

According to the nutbor of "The hailed a cab and told the driver to take him to Geroid's book store-the princi-

"What," said the count, "you pretend to be a Vienna cab-driver and do not

know Gerold's?" Half in apology and half in a tone of wounded dignity, the cabman replied:

One of the worst cases of a literal mind is reported by the Chicago Mail: A guest hurried up to the hotel elerk's counter. He had just ten minutes in which to pay his bill, reach the station and board his train. "Whew!" he exclaimed, "I've forgot-

ten something. Here, boy, run up to my room, B 48, and see if I have left my tooth brush and sponge. Hurry; I've only five minutes now." The boy hurried. In four minutes he

"Yes, sir," he panted. "You left Why They Don't Marry. Miss Leftover-You are a womanhater, I hear. Mr. Slimpurse—That is a mistake. I merely cannot afford to marry.

Miss Leftover-Cannot you support a wife? Mr. Slimpurse-Oh, yes, I could support a wife easy enough, but I haven't income enough to support the two or three other women she would need to wait on her.-N. Y. Weekly.

Speed the Parting Guest.

Sister Theysay-1 grievously regret

you are to leave our church, dear pas-Pastor Peaceful - You should not grieve. No doubt the Lord will send you a better servant to fill my place. had every one has been worse than the

other. - Texas Siftings.

A Proper Young Man. Paterfamilias-Young man, the time has come when I must demand an explanation. Why do you pay such attention to my daughter without asking my approval? Young Man-I thought it would be

when we've been secretly married a year.-Life. Visitor-What in that heavy, gloomylooking building over there?

airy gothic structure to the right? Resident-That is the jail.-Chicago Record. Young Husband-It took you a year

Mrs. Young Hadaad-That's nothing. At the end of a year I shall want a new tronsseau.-Vogue. "Within her eyes fresh charms I see." Remarked the youth, with raptured air: "For the nearer that she gets to me, The more am I, sir, mirrored there."



A Moral Certainty. It surely would suppress for good The stage obscuring bonnet, If the Chicago maiden should Put her foot down upon it. -Brooklyn Life. An Enruest Effort.

Mrs. Lanouveau-Do you believe that

Mr. Riches-Sometimes they are.

society women are sincere?

cover my secret?

-Life.

Mrs. Lanouveau-When? Mr. Riches-They are always sincere when they are trying to match silks at a dry goods counter. - Demorest's Mag-How He Discovered It. Her Father (sternly) - Genevieve, on are engaged to some young man

Herself-Oh! father, how did you dis-

Her Father-The gas bill for last month is suspiciously small.-N. Y. A Good School. Surface-I see that nearly all the rich men of to-day began their careers by teaching school.

Deepun-Yes, a man who succeeds in getting along with an average lot of school directors can make his way anywhere .- N. Y. Weekly. A Small Dividend. "I hear your venture on the stock

exchange was not very successful

Didn't you get anything out of it?" "Oh, yes, I got experience and the sympathy of my friends."-Chicago Not a Writer of Tragedy. Manager-Your play is incomplete; you leave the lovers at the marriage altar, with nothing to indicate their

Author-I didn't set up to write trugedy, did 1?-N. Y. Herald Unnecessary Repetition Attorney (to witness)—Would you be-lieve the defendant on oath? "Didn't I say awhile ago that he's a real-estate agent?"-Judge.

The Dangers of Knowledge. "Why don't you sit down?" "This morning I asked you how many made a million, an' you said; 'Darned few.' I told teacher that in arithmetic class to-day, an' that's why I can't sit down."—Life.